This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke,
The seas toſt *Pericles*, appeares to ſpeake.

Exit Gower.

Enter Pericles on ſhipboord.

Per. The God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges
Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou haſt
Vpon the Windes command, binde them in Braſſe
Hauing cald them from the deepe, O ſtill
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes: O how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the Sea mans whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Ludina*, oh!
Diuineſt patroneſſe, and my wife, gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, conuey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, may ſwift the pangs
Of my Queenes trauailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lycherida.

Lych. Heere is nothing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

Per. How now *Lychorida*?

Lych. Patience good ſir do not aſſiſt the ſtorme,
Heere's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A little Daughter, for the ſake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away?
We heere below, recall not what we giue,
And therein may vſe honour with you.

Lych. Patience good ſir, euen for this charge.

Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy condition;
For thou art the rudelieſt welcome to this world,

That

That euer was Princes childe
Thou haſt as chiding a Natiu
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth,
To harold thee from the won
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is m
Thy portage quite, with all
Now the good Gods throw

Enter tw

1. *Sayl.* what courage ſir?

Per. Courage enough, I d
It hath done to me the worſt
Of this poore infant, this freſ
I would it would be quiet.

1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins th
Blow and ſplit thy ſelfe.

2 *Sayl.* But ſea-roome
kiſſe the Moone: I care not.

1 *Sayl.* Sir, your Queene
The ſea workes hie, the win
And will not lye till the ſhip

Per. That's your ſuperſtiti

1. Pardon vs ſir; this is a
ſerued And we are ſtrong in

Per. As you thinke meete
Moſt wretched Queene.

Lycher. Heere ſhe lies ſir.

Per. A tirrible child-bed
No light, to fire, the vnfrien
Forgot thee vtterly nor hau
To bring thee hallowd to t
Muſt caſt thee ſcarſely coff
Where for a Monument vp
The ayre remaining lampes;
And humming water moſt
Lying with ſimple ſhels: O
Bid *Neſter* bring me Spices
My Caſket and my Iewels,